That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword dispaire and die,
To *Rich.* Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happie victorie,
Thy aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghoast of Buckingham.

The first was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The last was I that felt thy tyrannie,
O in the battaile thinke on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse,
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloudie deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire, dispairing yeeld thy breath.
To *Rich.* I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismaid,
God and good angels fight on Richmonds side,
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

Richard starteth vp out of a dreame.

K. Ri. Giue me another horse, bind vp my wounds,
Haue mercie Iesu: soft, I did but dreame.
O Coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is not dead midnight.
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What do I feare my selfe? theres none else by,
Richard loues Richard, that is, I am I,
Is there a murtherer here? no. Yes I am,
Then flie, what from my selfe? great reason why?
Least I reuenge. What my selfe vpon my selfe?
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherefore? for any good
That I my selfe haue done vnto my selfe?
O no, alas I rather hate my selfe,
For hatefull deeds committed by my selfe:
I am a villaine, yet I lie, I am not.
Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole do not flatter,
My conscience hath a thousand seuerall tongues,
And euerie tongue brings in a seuerall tale,
And euery tale condemns me for a villaine:

Periurie

Periurie, periurie, in the highest
Murther, sterne murther, in the
All seuerall sinnes, all vsde in each
Throng to the barre, crying all, g
I shall dispaire, there is no creatu
And if I die, no soule will pittie m
And wherefore should they, since
Finde in my selfe, no pittie to my
Me thought the soules of all that
Came to my Tent, and euery one
To morrows vengeance on the h

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.
Ki. Zoundes, who is there?
Rat. Ratcliffe, my Lord, tis I, t
Hath twise done salutation to the
Your friends are vp, and buckle o
King. O Ratcliffe, I haue drea
What thinkst thou, will our frien
Rat. No doubt my Lord.
King. O Ratcliffe, I feare, I fe
Rat. Nay good my Lord, be no
King. By the Apostle Paul, sh
Haue strooke more terror to the s
Then can the substance of ten th
Armed in proofe, and led by sha
Tis not yet neare day, come, go w
Vnder our Tents Ile play the ew
To see if any meane to shrinke fr

Enter the Lords to

Lor. Good morrow Richmon
Rich. Crie mercie Lords, and w
That you haue tane a tardie slugg
Lor. How haue you slept my
Rich. The sweetest sleepe, and
That euer entred in a drowsie he
Haue I since your departure had